

Her Corruption

by Stardust Miko

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Summary: After her brother is caught stealing from the merciless Lord Sesshomaru and sentenced to death, Kagome offers up herself in lifelong servitude to the taiyoukai in exchange for his life. But he has dark, sinister plans for her...

Her Corruption

Hi guys, it's me again, Stardust Miko! I know what you're thinking; that I should be working on the buttload of other stories I have... but I just had to jot this down. Hey, it's a oneshot! I promise, I'll finish every last one of my SessKag stories! So enjoy!

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><p>The boy was running. His legs were a blur as his bare feet slapped out a rapid tempo against the rough cobblestones beneath him. His eyes were wide with fear, and in a shaking hand he clutched a small bag that jingled wildly with every step that he took.<p>

Low laughter echoed in his ears. Warm breath tickled the back of his neck, and he let the first tears burn his eyes. He wouldn't make it. What had he been thinking? He had been so stupid.

Those were the last thoughts in his mind as a clawed hand was brought crashing down on his head, and his fear was replaced by soothing darkness.

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"Kagome! Kagome!"

The girl in question raised her head, curious, as her sister ran into the room. "What's wrong, Kikyo?" She hurriedly put down the torn shirt she had been mending, the coarse fabric tumbling through her fingers like the softest of silk. Worry tugged at her heart when she saw the tears in her beautiful sister's eyes.

"It's Souta!" sobbed Kikyo, and fear pierced her heart.

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Kagome rushed to the town square, her hand caught in Kikyo's. The crowd was thick, yet the silence was deafening. She began to shove her way to the front. When people turned to look at her, they quickly moved aside, pity in their eyes.

Side by side, the sisters ran down the pathway the crowd had opened for them. As the last person stepped out of the way, a horrific scene was revealed to their eyes.

Their brother, bloodied and bruised, was on his knees, facing away from them. Before him stood a tall and proud youkai dressed in billowing white silk, backed up by a line of soldiers in uniform.

Kagome took in the pearl-silver hair and the cold eyes, and her heart skipped. Then her eyes found the blue crescent moon, the magenta markings, and the red crest on the white silk, and she was filled with despair.

There was no other this youkai could be; this was Sesshomaru, Lord of the West—also known as the Killing Perfection.

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Before she could stop it, a strangled word escaped her lips. "Souta." Her blood was ice, and her body was numb.

The youkai raised his gaze from the kneeling boy to his sister. "His kin," he purred. "How perfect." Then his eyes hardened. "You, rat, do you have any idea what crime this filthy animal committed?"

Through her numbness, Kagome found the will to speak. "I am not a rat, and my brother is not a filthy animal."

Shocked gasps rose up around her. Her eyes widened with horror as she realized what she had just said. _Oh, gods, what did I just say?_

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Sesshomaru looked at the girl coldly. The nerve of her to contradict him! To speak to him, the Lord of the West, in such a manner? He sneered inwardly. He would see how she would react to this. "The filthy animal has stolen from me. In return for his show of disrespect for this Sesshomaru, he will be executed."

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Kikyo gasped in horror at the heartless words. Kagome felt as if ice were trickling down her back. He couldn't. It was only the three of them left; their parents had died long ago. They had barely managed to survive on their own. How would she and Kikyo live without Souta?

"No, please," she whispered. It was barely audible, but it was deafening to her stunned ears. She tried again. "Please, my lord." She sank to her knees, and she was barely aware of her sister following suit. Kagome bowed her head, the picture of submission.

"Please forgive my brother, Lord Sesshomaru."

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Sesshomaru watched the girl drop to her knees in satisfaction. Now she knelt before him. Now she bowed to his authority. Wellâ€ it did not matter.

"Off with their heads," he said in a bored voice to his general. "All three of them."

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No. This can't be happening.

Kagome felt that this was all a nightmare. Because in real life, her entire family had not been sentenced to death over what was surely a minor theft. Because in real life, she was living as happily as was possible with their circumstances with Kikyo and Souta. But the iron tang of her brother's blood that laced the air coated her tongue thickly like mud, and it was all too real. The soft ssfft of a blade being drawn as the soldier prepared to take their heads was all too real. This awful dream was all too real.

She looked up and met the lord's eyes. They were blank and indifferent. She begged one last time. "Please, please, my brother didn't mean any harm. Please forgive him, please forgive us. Please have mercy." She knew her pride would sting at this memory for years to come, but the terror of the present overpowered the tiny resentment. She wished Kikyo would beg with her, but her sister, oh, her frail sister was mute with horror.

"_Please_"

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Sesshomaru was getting tired of the incessant begging. "General," he drawled. "Proceed with all haste to complete the task that I have given you."

"Wait!" It was the girl again, the blue-eyed girl who had been so insolent. There was a tiny spark of hope in those cerulean irises, and Sesshomaru found himself looking forward to snuffing it out like a weak candle flame. "I might be of use to you!"

He fought the urge to snort. This peasant girl, this gutter rat, be useful to him? What a laughable notion. But then his eyes widened and his hackles rose, because he detected _something_ rising within the girl.

"I can do tricks!" she said quickly, and raised her hands, sitting back on her heels to manage the feat. She cupped her palms before her, and the hair on the back of Sesshomaru's neck rose as his senses detected a rise in her aura.

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This was a special power of hers, and the knowledge of its existence was limited to her brother and sister. She didn't know what it was, and she was afraid to seek out someone who did. She didn't want to be branded as a freak. But this strange ability might save them now. She had nothing to lose now from revealing it.

Kagome concentrated fiercely on the warmth that radiated out through her body, beginning somewhere deep inside her and spreading out to thaw the ice that frosted her veins. Her eyes slid closed, and all she could hear was the pounding of her heartbeat in her ears as she drew out the soothing heat.

Her fingers tingled, and she knew that she had done it. She opened her eyes to see that a perfect globe of soft pink light floated above her gathered palms.

Only then did she see the reaction it had wrought.

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His youki stirred, growling. It wanted to stifle the reiki that flowed through the girl's body, the power that opposed his own, the fire to his ice. Sesshomaru slowly stalked forward, past the boy who stared at his sister, through the astonished stares of the humans. At last he came to a stop before the kneeling girl, who gazed up at him with hopeful eyes.

"It's not much," she was saying. "But if I trained, I'm sure I could get better."

He narrowed his eyes. Was this girl simple? Did she not know of the power she possessed? He sensed great potential in her. If she trained, she would indeed get better.

He could not allow that.

As a youkai, as a taiyoukai at that, he could not allow her to improve. His fingertips tingled in anticipation as he prepared to release his deadly poison whip.

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Kagome's legs were beginning to cramp from being confined to the hard stone, but she dared not rise. Everyone was staring at her, and she was starting to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Sure, her power was weird, but it couldn't be _that _freakish. But the combined effect of countless pairs of eyes drilling into her was unnerving, and slowly she let the pink orb of light dissipate, releasing the current of energy that surged through her body with some relief. She had never tried to summon the light under so much stress before.

"I swear I'll serve you," she promise quickly. "Unconditionally. I'm not sure how my gift would benefit you, but I will serve you in any way I can."

Would it be enough? She waited, breathless, for the lord's verdict.

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His swirling youki was beginning to manifest itself in the form of a toxic green whip when she spoke.

Immediately, his strategic mind went to work, planning out all the pros and cons of ending this girl's life.

To kill her now would mean he would rid himself of the nuisance that she would undoubtedly become once her powers fully developed. Also, it was his unspoken duty to the youkai race.

On the other hand, it was obvious that she had a great deal of potential. And she did not even know that she was a miko. To take her now, to hold her to her oath, to train her so that she obeyed his every order— There was no argument that the possibility was very attractive. While the Western Militia was vast and had many branches, he had no miko in his service. None were strong enough, and besides, they had all been corrupted already, raised to believe in the inherent evil of all youkai, and that it was their duty to rid the earth of said youkai. This girl was an exception.

His head tilted slightly as he considered his options. He weighed each consequence carefully in his mind, and reached a conclusion.

"Girl," he drawled. "Do you have any idea of the weight on your words?"

Her eyes widened even further, and she nodded her head up and down very rapidly. "Yes," she said without hesitation. "Anything to save my family."

He regarded her keenly. She was loyal. At least that was one trait he would not have to beat into her. "Very well." He motioned for his general to sheathe his sword. "I will spare your sister and brother's lives, on the condition that you swear your undying loyalty to me...as a miko."

Shock rolled off her in waves. She had not been lying. She truly had not known. He watched her carefully to see how she would react. Would she attack him? That was a move that would seal her fate, and her siblings' as well. Then her eyes hardened. "Anything."

He fought back a smirk. The foolish girl. He released his youki, and it flowed from its tight restraints to swirl around the girl. She shivered, no doubt a result of the reiki inside her recoiling from the alien force of his youki. "Then repeat after me, girl. I, say your name—"

"I, Kagome—"

"Swear my loyalty to Lord Sesshomaru of the West until my death."

"Swear my loyalty to Lord Sesshomaru of the West until my death." He continued to feed her the lines.

"His will shall be my command, and I shall obey his every order with no bounds," said the girl, her blue eyes fixed steadily on his. "I shall not attempt to deceive, betray, or mislead him in any way. My strength is his to direct. My body is his to command. My life is his to take. If I should displease him in any manner, he has the right to punish me in any manner he sees fit. I, Kagome, bind myself to Lord Sesshomaru of the West, in lifelong servitude." She finished speaking, and bowed her head.

Lips curving to form a cold smile, Sesshomaru wrapped his youki

tightly around the girl. Her face paled at this invasion, and instinctively, her powers rose to the surface. He wasted no time in weaving the strands of his essence through hers in an intricate spell that only death would undo. Her lips parted, and a faint sound of pain escaped. She doubled over. He knew that this would be agonizing for her. In his sadism, Sesshomaru twisted his youki ever deeper into her soul, forcing aside her reiki.

She screamed now, a sound that was golden to his cruel ears.

Satisfied that he had left behind an impression, he drew back and gazed at the small, red crescent moon that blazed angrily on the smooth area where neck met shoulder. She was now his; a slave in all but name.

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Kagome screwed her eyes shut, unwilling to let the tears flow down her cheeks. It hurt, it hurt so much. Her body had never felt so invaded before. It had felt wrong, whatever he had done. It was unnatural, and it had scarred her very soul. Her breath came in tiny pants as she tried to recover. Her pride thrown to the wind long ago, she let out a low groan. The overall agony in her body was receding, and it seemed as if it were now focused on one small part of her shoulder.

She cracked her eyes open and raised her head. The inhumanly beautiful face of her new master came slowly into focus. There was pleasure in his eyes, sick and dark. He liked her pain, that much was clear. She forced herself to straighten up, and began to get up. Surely her ordeal was over now.

"No. Remain kneeling."

At his order, Kagome sank back onto her heels. What more could he want?

"You have sworn yourself to me, and now you are under my protection and guidance." His lips twisted. "However, I have no doubt that you will displease me in the future, so I shall specify the punishments beforehand.

"The first time you displease me, either by disobeying me or attempting to run away, you will be given ten lashes... and your brother will be given fifty."

She gasped. "But... he is not part of this!" she protested weakly.

He sneered at her. "Be silent, girl, lest you displease me so early in our relationship." She gritted her teeth, and he continued. "The second time you displease me, you will be given fifty lashes, your brother will be whipped to death, and your sister will be sold into a brothel."

A strangled sound tore from her lips, but she did not speak.

"The third time you displease me, you will be whipped to death. Do you understand?" He knew the rules were harsh, but to him they were reasonable. The first time, it would be a warning; nothing would be irreparable. The second time would be a stern wake-up call to the girl that her actions had consequences. The third time— She would have proven by then that she was unworthy of serving him.

A slight smirk on his otherwise blank face, he waited for her answer.

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Kagome looked past the taiyoukai to her brother. Souta was staring at her with misery in his eyes. She twisted her head; tears were cascading silently from Kikyo's eyes. There was no other choice; it was either this, or death for all three of them. At least this way, they had a chance of survival. Her heart hardened. Whatever happened, she would keep them safe.

She turned back to Sesshomaru and spoke clearly and loudly.

"I understand."

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Sesshomaru smiled smugly. The girl's reiki was folding around her like the closed petals of a lotus, but it was too late; his youki had already infiltrated her body. What good was a shield after the threat had passed beyond its barrier?

Yes, miko, he thought darkly. _Come to me and accept your bonds._

He reached down and twisted his claw-tipped fingers through her silken tresses, his hand appearing to be submerged in rivulets of blackest ink. He pulled until her head was level with his.

Her eyes are beautiful, he thought absently. _But they have yet to be properly tainted with hatred and misery. But do not worry, miko. You are mine now, and I will corrupt you and defile you, and when your training has been completed, you will be utterly bleak and entirely sinful— like myself._

And you will be the perfect weapon for this Sesshomaru.

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><p>Thanks for reading, guys. What do you think? Too TBC? I have some ideas for a sequel, but I'm content leaving this as a oneshot... unless things change in the future. You guys want a

continuation?**

Don't forget to tell me what you thought in a review!

Ciao,

Stardust Miko

End
file.